

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JAN. 28, 1836.

## THE SPRING TRADE—PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Bicknell's PHILADELPHIA REPORTER, a widely circulated commercial paper, in speaking of the opening of the Spring Trade in that city, takes the liberty to say, that New York, in consequence of the late disastrous fire, is not so well prepared with goods as last year—that goods purchased in New York cannot be conveyed westward—that so great has been the amount of business done here, as to prevent the ready execution of orders—together with a great deal of similar twaddle about our navigation, our canals, our fire, &c. &c.

It pains our sensitive hearts to prick the bubble of our Philadelphia friends, but a regard for truth and fact necessarily compels us to pronounce every allegation in the Reporter relative to New York, to be without the slightest foundation in fact. Sitting by his clear Schuylkill coal fire, in the elegant Exchange of Philadelphia, Mr. Bicknell writes at his editorial desk, and under the influence of a vivid imagination, he lets off streams of fancy that rival any page in the Arabian Tales, or the Story of Sinbad the Sailor. One of the most amusing things, is that of hearing our Philadelphia friends bragging and boasting of their own markets, and depreciating those of New York, when the fact is notorious to the whole world, that one half, if not more, of the merchandise sold in Philadelphia, is purchased and received from New York.

The assertion that the recent fire was "disastrous," is cheerfully acknowledged—so also is the allegation that a large quantity of goods was destroyed. But if our Philadelphia cotemporary wishes to draw from these facts the inference that the spring supply of goods are less abundant—less profuse—scarcer or dearer than on any former occasion, we only wish him to come to New York, and take a turn round the splendid, rich, crowded and crowding stores in Pearl street, Maiden lane, Pine, Nassau, William, Broad, and a dozen other streets we have not time to enumerate. In the usual round of business, as connected with procuring information for our Wall street Report, we have personally witnessed the condition of the stocks of most of the large wholesale houses in the city. From personal knowledge—from the most unquestionable authority, we state the fact, that never, on any former year, have the stocks of goods been so abundant—so full—so complete as they are during the present season.

In this general article, it is utterly impossible to enumerate particulars, or individuals. We propose in a day or two however, to collect further conclusive facts on these important points, and to circulate twenty or thirty thousand copies of the Herald containing these statements, in the South and West.

The quantity of goods already arrived at this port since the fire, by the recent packets from Europe, are one third or one half more than was received during the same period last year. During the next four or five weeks, additional quantities will be received, far outstripping any former year. The orders sent out last fall, exceeded by one third those of any previous year. These orders are now receiving, and a glance of half an hour at the Custom House, would convince the greatest sceptic in Philadelphia of the truth of our statement.

We are sorry to see our friends in Philadelphia attempt, by misrepresentation, to lead astray the merchants South and West who may happen to put up a night and a day at Mrs. Yohes, the United States, or other Hotels, on their way to this great mart. Nothing can be gained, but much lost by such a course of double dealing. The best thing they can do, is to repent and apologise—we New Yorkers are generous and forgiving. We will extend our arm towards them and say in a courteous voice—"rise neighbours, you have behaved badly—but you are forgiven—you buy of us long bills, and pay well—but don't tell any more yarns to the merchants of the Southern and Western country."

**MARINER'S MEETING.**—A very large and respectable concourse of the masters, officers, and seamen of this port, convened on Tuesday evening at the Second Ward Hotel, to take into consideration the tax of head money. Several eloquent addresses were made, and even the mariners themselves—honest weather-beaten—came forward manfully on the occasion, and ventured upon a speech. One old tar, who might have personated Neptune himself, arose, and said, that for twenty years he had paid from 3 to 10 dollars yearly, but he never could find out where it went to. He had however, been told that it went towards whetting the throats of some land lubbers, who did not know any more of a ship, than a ship did of them. "I'll give," said he, "twice as much, if they'll only prove to me that it goes to some good purpose, but I will never again give one cent to pay for feeding and clothing the persons in the Penitentiary and Bellevue."

This brief pithy speech went to the heart of every sailor present, and he sat down amidst deafening applause. Another said that he had heard it went to the Marine Hospital fund. So it might—but if he wanted a dose of salts, he had to buy it, and pay for it.

The feeling of oppression was strong in every person present, and the memorial was adopted with the most tremendous applause.

Among the resolutions was one in which each person present pledged himself not to sign any articles in which the clause "the one dollar was inserted" When the feeling is as unanimous as it was on Tuesday evening, they must carry their point, and if the members now at Albany will not push it forward, the sailors will have a member of their own. They can, and will do it.

Another great public meeting will be held to-morrow evening. We advise every honest independent tar in the city to prepare and be present. They are the protectors of their country—will they not also protect themselves?

Doctor Sleight opens a discussion to night at the Malberry street Church. Mr. Vale *contra*.

## UNITED STATES BANK—A NEW PLAN.

The application by the Bank of the United States for a recharter, to the legislature of Pennsylvania, has roused all the old political hostilities in Philadelphia towards that institution. A public meeting was held there on Monday night, and strong resolutions passed against the project to recharter the Bank. Messrs. Dallas, Gilpin, and all the government officers, have taken part in this movement; but more ominous than all, the organs of the Wolf faction unite with the other portions of "the party," and "cry havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war! In the interior of Pennsylvania, the same spirit of hostile agitation is roused, and from appearances, there is every probability that the bill, though it may pass the House, will be killed in the Senate. In the latter body, there is an anti-bank majority, and, judging from the folly of human nature, it is most probable they will vote from their political feelings rather than their good sense.

The proposition of the Bank to Pennsylvania is generous indeed—a bonus of two millions, and a loan of seven more, at 4 to 5 per cent per annum.

In the present state of doubt which hangs over the recharter of the Bank in Pennsylvania, we see several contiguous States are trying to avail themselves of the contingency that the party stupidity of the Pennsylvania Senate may throw in their way. In Maryland and elsewhere, preparations are making to offer a charter to the United States Bank in the event of a refusal.

The position of the United States Bank at this moment is the most interesting that can be well imagined. With a capital of twenty-eight millions, a currency of seventeen millions, and specie to the amount of fifteen or sixteen millions, it would be the making of any state or any city to get such an institution located among them. If there is any good sense—any sagacity—any state patriotism at Albany, they ought immediately to introduce a bill offering a charter to the U. S. Bank, if it would locate itself in Wall street, and become a permanent element in the prosperity of New York. What a splendid idea it would be for New York! The Relief Bill, as it is called, has been justly denominated a "broken reed." It is worse—it is a mischievous bludgeon that may be used in Wall street *a la Webb*, to knock down honest men. What is the use of authorising the city banks to make additional loans? Where can they get the money? Can the City Loan of six millions be negotiated, when the Water Loan is still a piece of white paper? No scheme of relief for the city could be devised half so efficient as the offer of a charter to the United States Bank, on the assumption that there is yet political folly enough in Pennsylvania to refuse the present application. The removal of that institution to New York would bring with it merchants, business, capitalists, and a vast accession of wealth. It would not alone be the renewal of the mere capital of twenty-eight millions, but all its Philadelphia connections throughout the South and West.

With such a vast accession to our disposable means, we could enlarge our western canal—build rail roads—establish lines of steam-packets to all parts of the world—build up the burnt district—increase our factories—and make this the positive centre of the American money market, for home and abroad.

We are persuaded also, that such an offer on the part of New York would be preferred by the Bank to that of Pennsylvania. These are our brief views. We trust that there is yet good sense enough at Albany to lay aside party feeling, and mere miserable *loco-focoism*, and to avail ourselves of the folly of Pennsylvania. The political blockheads at Philadelphia and elsewhere, are very busy making themselves the laughing stock of the world. It is neither robbery nor murder for New York to avail herself of her neighbor's folly. We shall therefore put up our prayers to Heaven in mercy that the Pennsylvanians may be unrestrained in their folly till the Bank is removed to New York. Wise are they who extract good from evil.

**THE NUNNERY DISCLOSURES.**—A correspondent writes us a droll letter respecting the Maria Monk story, and says—"if you don't believe it, I'll take you to be a d—d scoundrel." Well, as we don't like to be taken for such a character, we believe the best way is to say we believe it from top to bottom—from beginning to end—athwart and across—round about—and up and down. It may all be true for any thing we know to the contrary. Miss Monk herself has made a regular affidavit of the story, and if she is a pretty black-eyed girl, with a pleasant smile, and sylph-like form, we certainly should be the last to doubt a solemn oath coming from so interesting a quarter. "A nun"—"a veritable nun"—"a novice"—"a sister." All these terms call up in our feeling heart floods of youthful romance. We almost dream of scaling high walls—stealing into gardens—rummaging for rope ladders—covering some dear creature with a cloak—and escaping under the moon's pale beam. On the whole, as we take Miss Maria Monk, the ex-nun, to be a pretty, interesting, black-eyed girl, we believe her story from beginning to end, and beg the public to believe it also. What more can we say? Are we a d—d scoundrel" now?

We won't put any questions to our namesake, the teacher of Book-keeping, if it were to benefit 100 instead of 10 subscribers.

Mr. Gouverneur, the Postmaster, went to Washington to give up the seals of office. Such is the talk in Wall street. Who is to be his successor? Campbell P. White. By no means. Won't three millions of the deposits satisfy the Manhattan concern?

What a fuss some of the political hacks make because John Q. Adams, like an honest man, spoke his mind!

**A GRAVE COINCIDENCE.**—Major Jack Downing, of the 169th Regiment of Maine militia, died in Washington, on the same day Chabert the Fire King was blown to atoms in New York. Pence to their names.

The Post Office in Chambers street requires more assistants.

M. L. DAVIS is said to be the correspondent of the London Times. Don't believe it.

**THE FLORIDA MASSACRE.**—The accounts received yesterday from the South, confirm beyond a doubt the truth of the awful Massacre in Florida, near Tampa Bay. We have annexed a few extracts from New Orleans and Mobile papers. Public meetings were called in both cities to take into consideration the best means of relieving the sufferers who escaped, and defending the country:

Several of the families of the soldiers massacred at Tampa Bay by the Seminole Indians, arrived in this city, in the schooner Atlantic, on Saturday evening.

The Indians made the attack on the night previous to the 27th Dec. and were repulsed. The officers and men fought most bravely. Capt. Gardiner fought long after he was several times wounded. The 12 pounder was fired forty times, and at each discharge whole lines of the savages were mowed down, but all was unavailing—the poor fellows were overpowered.

FORT BROOKE, (Florida), Jan. 1, 1836.

I reached this place with my company about 12 o'clock, M. on Christmas Day, and found the agitation to be considerable, owing to the decided hostility which was reported to exist amongst the various tribes of Indians in the neighborhood.

So soon as I landed, I ascertained that Brevet Major Dade's command, consisting of 8 officers and 100 men, had proceeded, on the 23d, on their way to Fort King, taking with them a six pounder, and in the course of the day it was ascertained that they were delayed on the road about 20 miles distant, on account of the bridges having been burnt.

It had been the original intention that my command and company A. 2d Regiment Artillery, should proceed to Fort King together, but when it was known that Maj. Dade's command was within so short a distance of us, it was determined, and indeed I was very anxious, to proceed forthwith, and every thing was ready for a march the following morning. In the course of the night, however, news arrived that Major Dade's command had proceeded on, and again it was thought advisable that I should wait for A. company, 2d Artillery, commanded by Lieut. Grayson.

From undoubted sources, we have now received the intelligence that the whole command of Major Dade, officers and men, have been cut to pieces—there are perhaps not more than four or five left to tell the tale.

Major Dade was killed early in the action. The most heroic bravery was displayed by the officers and men, but all would not do—this result could not have been prevented had my command gone on, and we should only have been cut up in detail.

The savages were completely secured from the fire of the command by a thick swamp. The six pounder is in their hands. Every officer was killed, and nearly every man.

Three men, horribly wounded, have made their way into camp—all agree in the relation of the above particulars, and all agree and believe that no more escaped.

The command of Maj. Dade consisted of—Bvt. Maj. Dade, 4th Infantry; Capt. Frazer, 3d Artillery; Capt. Gardner, 2d Artillery; Lt. Bassinger, 2d Artillery; Lt. Henderson, 2d Artillery; Lt. Keats, 3d Artillery; Lt. Mudge, 3d Artillery; Dr. Gattin, U. S. A. and 100 non-commissioned officers and privates—and ALL, ALL are slaughtered.

The whole force at this place is now entrenched within the pickets and block houses. Our force consists of about 200 officers and fighting men, added to which are a party of citizen Rangers, about 30 strong, and also in the immediate neighborhood are a party of about 100 friendly Indians, headed by their chief Black Dirt.

We are hard at work, day and night, strengthening in every possible manner our fortification. The men are much fatigued, but in fine spirits, and their whole soul seems wrapped up in the desire to revenge the blood of their comrades.

The officers are active, and by their exertions inspire the men with zeal and courage, and indeed every thing bids us hope that when we are attacked, (which we momentarily expect,) we will give our savage foes a warm reception.

I have not time to say more—the vessel waits—I will write you again. J. MOUNTFORT.

**FROM HAVANA.**—By the Chatham, from Havana, we learn an express was received there from Key West, requesting the American naval force stationed there to proceed to the east coast of Florida, and protect the inhabitants from the Indians.

Will AMOS KENDALL tell his postmasters not to hook the Herald—not to abstract it from the package—not to detain them one or two days to read them—but to send them on their way to the rightful subscriber?

Look out for an early spring.

The quails and pheasants would be obliged to the farmers for a sheaf of corn.

Abolition is flat—Colonization flatter—Amalgamation flattest.

**IN BAD COMPANY.**—The Nantucket Inquirer classes the Herald with the New York Sun and Washington Globe. Don't insult us, Mr. Jenks.

**THE ASSASSIN AND DEFAULTER.**—The newspapers in the large cities are very chary of uttering a word relative to the brutal assault of Webb on the editor of this paper, for an *exposé* written by another person. They generally reject with contempt the gross untruths published by the Sun and Transcript, but afraid that the Courier would cut off their exchange, they remain silent and quiet. Several however are too honest and independent, even for that. The Boston Morning Post after copying the facts, appends the following remarks:

"The assault, it seems, was made in a very characteristic and cowardly manner by Webb, who, with all his blustering, has scarcely courage enough to keep his soul and body together during a thunder shower."

There can be no doubt of the accuracy of this description. He made no attempt on Messrs. Hale or Lynch, the original offenders, because they were physically his match. His whole conduct is exactly of a piece with what he once exhibited in the Exchange, when he was soundly chastised by the Messrs. Richards of Philadelphia, for a gross insult he had offered to them. These gentlemen caught Webb at the foot of the stairs, and they applied to his back a very sensible cow hide, under the influence of which, he ran as fast as he did when Duff Green presented "the mahogany stock and percussion lock."

We thought Bachelor had hung himself—but found him yesterday in his old corner of the Sun. Only a postponement.

Yesterday, several honest Dutchmen killed themselves by eating *sour kroust*, at Nowland's, Prospect Hall, Funeral service to-day, at 5 o'clock, precisely.

Throw ashes before your doors gentle matrons.

[Correspondence of Hudson's Merchants' News Room.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26, 1836.

The Senate of the United States has been engaged all day to-day in listening to a speech delivered by Mr. Southard, of New Jersey, on the resolution of Col. Benton, to appropriate the surplus revenue to the erection of fortifications. Mr. Southard has gone over the whole ground, and at the hour of adjournment, had not completed his speech. He will take the floor again to-morrow and conclude.

This debate is obtaining great importance daily, in as much as it explains the cause that led to the loss of the fortification bill of 1834, and brings the Senate in collision with the House of Representatives, a circumstance that is to be deprecated by all prudent men.—Such is the state of party excitement now, that it could not be well avoided.

In the House of Representatives, the subject of abolition has consumed the whole day. The principal actors in the debate have been Mr. J. Q. Adams, Mr. Glascock of Ga., and Messrs. A. Mann of New York and Hawes of Kentucky. It arose on an attempt made by Mr. Adams to get a petition from ladies of Westfield, Mass., referred to a select committee. Mr. Adams also offered petitions on the same subject from inhabitants of West Pennsylvania. The motion to refer to a select committee was combated most resolutely and decidedly, and did not prevail. The debate was frequently impregnated with symptoms of bad temper.

The news from the Florida seat of War, is most distressing. Three companies of Infantry have been assaulted and massacred by the Seminole Indians.—The Government has determined on adopting the most decisive steps towards the Seminoles, and it is most probable, that the lapse of a few months will find the whole of the tribe either exterminated or dissipated to the regions of the West. These miserable Indians, it is confidently alleged, were allured to action by emissaries from foreign countries who share with them the spoils of conquest.

It may be interesting to you to know, that active steps are to be taken to investigate the Tampico Massacre of the 24th of December. As much as this is certainly due to the honor of the country and the friends of the unfortunate victims.

In regard to our French relations, I can only say, that we know no more about this than you do in the city of New York. It is the prevailing opinion here, that France will not be satisfied with the Message of the 7th of December—if she is not, the consequences can be easily foreseen by you and by all.

Considerable curiosity is manifested in relation to the views of Mr. Clay touching the subject; but I believe that he has not thus far expressed any opinion concerning the subject. A young lady from one of the Northern cities, I know not which, put an end to her existence to-day, by taking laudanum. Cause unknown.

**POLICE, Yesterday.**—T. Lowerre, who has just returned from Blackwell's Island, where he had been to learn the stone cutting business, was brought up on a charge of stealing a horse and sleigh, the property of John G. Cushman, master of Brig Louisa. The horse was tied to a post in Vesey street, where the prisoner and a companion, who is not yet arrested, saw him. The sleigh being excellent, and the establishment quite *au fait* they thought they would have a ride. Crack went the whip, and off went Bucephalus. Mr. Cushman, on coming out of the house where he had stopped for a few moments sought for the horse and sleigh. It was returned *non est inventus*. As he thought it very probable that the animal had been enticed away, he started on a search. In Pearl street he saw the horse and sleigh coming along at a rapid pace, and the vile *seducers* laying on the string. He stopped them, but not wishing to answer any impertinent questions they made off at full speed. Lowerre was pursued and tracked into a house in William street, where he was taken.—On his examination he stated that he was invited to take a ride with the person in the sleigh, who had escaped—that he knew nothing of the property being stolen, or for the world he would not have been seen in company with a rogue. He was however committed, and we fear must forego further amusement in the way of sleighing until next winter. Lowerre when found, was snugly stowed away under a bed in the third story of the house in which he had taken refuge.

Seth Spooner, a frozen lump of mortality, on the lee side of 60, was brought up at the request of his wife, a smiling lass, of about "sweet 16." She stated that she had only been married ten weeks, and that her faithless husband too soon cloyed with sweets, intended to desert her, and leave her to the chary kindness of the cold world. He had taken his clothes away from the house where they resided, and as he had not returned, she made enquiries, and was informed that he intended to leave the city as soon as he could raise the *sine qua non*, and to prevent that step, she had a warrant issued.

Mr. Seth Spooner, a little wrinkled, dried up piece of parchment animated, stated that he had no intention of deserting his dear wife. His business being bad (he is a tailor,) he wished to send her to his parents in the country, which she refused to allow—that knowing his inability to support her, he had come to the conclusion that he had better be alone and live, than stay with her and starve. He was fully committed.

**WAR IN EARNEST.**—Last Monday we reported the case of an American sailor having been stabbed in the house of one Trufert, in James slip, who was, with his bar keeper, discharged for want of sufficient evidence to convict him. Last night Mr. Trufert came to the Police with his shoulders shrugged up to his eyes, and stated that the "dem Yankees had killed all his windows, doors and crockery." Officers Welch and Brink went to the scene of action, where they found only the remains of what had once been doors, windows and crockery. The bar room presented a scene truly picturesque. Snow balls, paving stones, brick bats, broken glasses, and earthen ware, fairly covered the floor.—The boarders, to the number of twenty or more, were quietly seated at the table when, without any previous notice, a shower of stones, brick bats and snow balls, came through the windows, smashing glass crockery and heads without number. Some jumped through the second story windows into the next yard, and escaped as they best could—others were rendered incapable of stirring through hurts or fright. When every glass in the house was demolished, the "dem Yankees" retired, leaving the landlord to pick up the pieces. As it was understood they intended to return at midnight, Welch and Brink went fully prepared for the worst, but the Yankees had probably got scent of their intentions and they did not come back. Thus has the war commenced in earnest, unless an apology is made for the conduct of the unknown offenders.

The SLEIGHING yesterday was admirable in Broadway. All the city was out—the ladies looked charmingly.